

make a big impression by hoppnhorn

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Summary:

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But Steve isn’t always *smart* when it comes to Billy.

make a big impression

Author's Note:

Day 4 of Kinktober is begging, y'all. This is a little late, my apologies. Enjoy!

The first touch it's a subtle thing.

A glancing blow with a towel in the locker room that *grazes* his ass. And Steve tries to chalk it up to Billy just being an asshole. Like he is on the court all the time.

Then it gets worse. Shoulders in the halls. Stares that linger too long. The guy leans into his space with his *tongue* hanging out and Steve can feel the heat in his cheeks.

It's like Hargrove is hellbent on making him *uncomfortable* when, really, he starts anticipating it. Starts wondering what it'd be like if Billy *tried* harder.

If he touched longer. With intent.

Followed through with all the jeering.

He dreams about Billy pinning him to his locker after gym, teasing the head of his cock with his thigh as he rubs a nipple through his sweaty t-shirt. *The fuck you lookin' at Harrington*, he says.

And Steve doesn't know what the hell he says back.

He never lasts long in those dreams. He always wakes up sweating. Billy has a way of getting under his *skin*, making him itch for things he shouldn't want. Hasn't *ever* wanted in his *life* Though, suddenly, he's thinking about Billy in a whole new light.

And thinking about him *far too often*. Trying to figure out what Billy's *game* is, in all this. What drives him to get close?

Does he want to draw blood? Or is he the type to play with his food before he swallows it whole?

He foolishly responds one day, when Billy's just shoved him on his way out of the locker room. It's empty, which isn't new. Billy takes his time in everything, struts around half-naked and spends time in the mirror when other boys are more apt to just *go home*.

But not Billy. He waits. He waits until it's just Steve and then he gets personal. Gets *close*.

And Steve finally just, loses it a little.

That day, Steve shoves him back and says, "The hell is your *deal*?"

Of course, Billy seems to enjoy a little life from his prey and steps back towards him, bites his bottom lip.

"What's wrong, Harrington?"

Steve grits his teeth, tries not to stomp his feet like an angry *child*.

"Why are you always *messing* with me?" He snaps.

"You want me to stop?" Billy's too close. Too close and Steve wants him *closer*.

"I mean, what do you want *anyway*, Hargrove?" He asks. Because he wants to know. He wants to hear from Billy's own lips what he hopes to gain with all the posturing.

Surely he *wants* something.

"What do I want?" Billy takes a single step forward and Steve's back kisses the cold locker, makes the sweat on his skin turn icy. He shivers and Billy grins. "What do *you* want, Harrington?"

The smartest thing to say is nothing. Billy is like a dinosaur. Hold still, and don't make a sound, and eventually he'd get bored and wander off.

But Steve isn't always *smart* when it comes to Billy.

"I want you to *do* something." Steve breathes. "Hit me. Or touch me. Pick one, just *do* it."

That seems to be the right answer. Billy's eyes light up with a visible heat and he leans in, speaks almost directly into Steve's ear.

"You want me to touch you, pretty boy?"

If his half-hard cock is anything to go by, the answer is a solid yes . But Steve doesn't say that. *Won't* say that.

"You want my hands on you?" Billy continues, caging him against the wall yet somehow still not *actually* making contact. Steve's skin sings with the hint of body heat near his shoulders, where Billy's holding himself against the wall. Pinning him there.

"Choose, Hargrove." He whispers, eyes fixed on a spot across the room over Billy's shoulder. This could either be a good thing, a *great* thing, or he could wind up pissing blood for a month.

It's a toss-up.

"If you want me to touch you, tell me *where*."

The order is kind of a shock, something unexpected. Steve never imagined Billy would have the kind of confidence to make this blatant of a move. Maybe grope him, or fumble a first kiss, but not *this*.

This sounds confident and smooth and *experienced*. And Steve's trying not to tremble when he says, "Anywhere."

The laugh against his neck is feather light and an absolute *tease*.

"What do we say when we want something, Stevie?"

Suddenly he feels like he's sitting at the dinner table, asking for the potatoes and his mother is frowning at him from across the way. He grimaces, hisses through his teeth.

"I'm not going to *beg* you, asshole."

Billy pulls away slowly, carefully, and their eyes meet. Steve wants to kiss him but he also wants to shoot forward and ram his forehead at the bridge of Billy's nose.

It's a complicated duality.

"Ask me nice, or you get nothing." Billy states plainly.

And, well, it's dumb that his *power play* has Steve squirming, his cock filling out thick against his thigh.

"Fuck you."

Billy's eyebrow arches and he smiles. Like he's won.

"Ask. *Nice* ."

It's crass, how *hot* the words burn on his tongue. How the desires in his mind swirl like fog, shouting in his ears.

He's wanted Billy for too long for his whims to be silent.

"Please." Steve says on an exhale, the word almost lost to the chant in his head. "Touch me."

Billy cocks his head to the side, feigning confusion, then smirks.

"Where?" Then he's pressing the entirety of his body up against Steve's, leaving nothing between them but their clothes. Steve knows he's not the only one aroused; he can feel Billy against his leg, rigid and pronounced. "Be specific, pretty boy."

And, well. There's a list in his head and he can't really pick a starting place so he stares at Billy's lips, wonders what he *tastes* like when he's sweet and not scary.

Billy looks feral when he leans in close.

"Do you want a kiss?"

Steve pants, his mouth open and tongue heavy and nothing seems to work when he tries to form a reply. Tries to do something besides nod his big, dumb head.

"Say *please* ." Billy teases, but he's not shying away. His mouth is a breath away, every exhale caressing Steve's cheek. "Ask me for a kiss,

pretty boy.”

And, to his eternal shame, Steve does just that.

“Please, Billy. *Kiss me.*”

And, of *course* , the asshole only grins with triumph instead of making good on his words and Steve squirms. Readies himself for *faggot* and a punch to the gut.

But then Billy presses a tiny little peck to his cheek and lingers. *Breathing* . His mouth warm on his skin.

“How’s that?” He asks. And Steve swallows down a frustrated whimper. *More more more* , his body screams but his tongue just won’t *work*. “You want another, pretty boy?”

His nod feels like a tiny thing, like maybe it never happened and they’d simply communicated with their eyes.

The second kiss barely brushes his jaw and he is *embarrassingly* hard, arching against Billy’s waist as he lets out a soft moan.

“That all you need?” His tormenter asks, making like he’s going to pull away until Steve reaches out, grabs the back of his neck.

“Kiss me on the mouth.” He demands.

And, with might appear to be *eagerness*, Billy does just that. Sealing their lips, he presses flush to Steve’s body, nibbles at his lower lip as Steve lets out a shaky exhale.

Billy tastes like cinnamon and smoke and something purely *Billy* and he’s drowning in it, pulsing in his jeans as he grasps at Billy’s bare waist, tries to bring him even *closer*.

“What, pretty boy?” Billy asks against his lips before he ensnares him again, penetrates with his tongue. Steve shivers, holding on for dear life as Billy steals the breath from his lungs, licking passed his teeth to tease his own sluggish tongue to action.

“God, touch me, *please.*” He groans into Billy’s lips, moving his hips

to get *some* sort of friction below his belt.

Billy only laughs.

"I *am* touching you." He replies, brushing the tip of his nose against Steve's cheek. "My tongue was in your mouth."

"God, I *hate* you." Steve groans. Billy's dark laugh rumbles through his chest as their mouths meet again. And again.

"Do you?" Somehow the asshole has a hand around Steve's cock in the blink of an eye, rubbing him deliberately through the denim.

Steve's head bangs against a locker, and the sound echoes through the room.

"Fuck, more." He croaks out and rocks his hips, so *fucking* needy -- but at this point he's *beyond* caring.

"More what?" The guy loosens his hold, threatening to vanish *probably* but Steve puts his forearm in a vice.

"Stroke my dick, asshole." His desperate tone doesn't match his words; he's so flimsy he'd tear if Billy tried.

He could rip him in half if he walked away now.

"You get more bees with honey, Harrington." Billy purrs, ducking his head to just *pant* against Steve's throat, like he *might* suck on his neck if he decides he *wants* to, like maybe he'd be *nice* for a change.

"*Please* ." His pride is slowly crumbling.

"Please, what?" There's a small lick against his Adam's apple and Steve is lost.

His moan is downright *pathetic*.

"Please, stroke my dick." He swallows hard, digs his nails into Billy's back. "Please."

And Billy must *like* the repetition because he opens his mouth and

gives Steve's neck a good suck while his hand presses firm on his cock and *strokes* .

"Like this?" He thumbs at Steve's head, makes Steve hiss. "You wanna blow your load in your pants?"

Honestly, he wouldn't complain; *any* release would be better than nothing. And Hargrove is the kind of asshole that would drop him in an instant and leave him with *nothing*. Just a hard cock and broken pride.

But Billy's breathing hard on his throat, kissing him steadily as he rubs his hand raw against his jeans. It doesn't look like he's thinking about *stopping* so Steve pushes his luck.

"Billy, *fuck* , take my cock out, please." He's a little shocked how easily the words slip out. How easily he's begging for Billy to unzip his pants, pull his cock out and *jerk him off*. There's a soft laugh between two kisses and Steve holds his breath.

"Look at you, *asking* so nicely." Billy nips at his throat and Steve lets the anticipation sigh from his lungs. With a voice that sounds almost an octave lower, Billy whispers directly in his ear. "Wanna fuck my hand?"

A little ripple of arousal shoots through his body, goes straight to his cock. If he wasn't wet in his jeans before, he is *now*, his cock full and kicking with each beat of his heart.

"Billy, *please*."

It's sad, really. Downright pathetic. But Billy takes pity on him, unzips his fly and gets a hand in his pants in record time.

Like neither one of them can wait anymore.

The moment Billy's warm palm is around him, Steve whines, arches into his touch and thrusts, blindly seeking more friction and *grip*.

"Yeah, you like that, pretty boy?" The voice in his ear goads him on while teeth play at his lobe.

"*Fuck* yes." There's no use denying it. He's all but humping Billy's arm, his hands going numb with how *tight* his clutching Billy's waist.

"God, you're wet for it, Harrington. That's fucking *hot*." And yeah, Steve *knew* that but when Billy says the words aloud -- strokes him hard enough that the slick noises are audible over their frantic breathing -- the effect is ten fold. His knees nearly give out as his muscles flutter, an orgasm turning his thrusts chaotic. "Do you want me to get you off, Harrington?" Billy asks, his voice a little rough against Steve's cheek, like he's working hard. "Want me to make you come?"

"Yeah."

It won't take much. He's leaking into Billy's palm like he's halfway there, but he knows one good twist of Billy's wrist could be his last. In a matter of minutes, the guy has Steve completely at his mercy.

"Tell me what you want, pretty boy." Billy growls, pushing Steve's jeans down his hips, giving him more access to his cock. For a moment, Steve imagines him kneeling on the floor, opening his mouth.

Catching his come on that devilish tongue.

And the words just tumble out.

"I want you on your knees, swallowing my load." He moans into Billy's temple. "I want your lips wrapped around my cock, sucking until I'm soft." Something about that image makes his cock leap, his balls pang with pure *lust*.

"*Shit* , there he is. *King Steve*." Billy whispers. "Tell me what else, your highness."

He remembers a scene in a porno flick Tommy had stolen from his dad. Remembers the way the guy had held a blond woman's mouth open, pushed his cock inside until she'd gagged.

It's not a stretch, imagining Billy's face where the blond's had been. Eyes open wide and facing skyward as tears make them *sparkle*. He closes his eyes to see the picture, to focus on how it'd feel.

“I want to fuck your mouth, make you choke on my dick.”

This time, he feels Billy shudder against him, feels his breath go uneven before he grunts a hushed, “*fuck.*”

“Billy...” He can’t find his footing, can’t remember how to *hate* Hargrove. Can’t remember that they’re not friends. That they’re not even really *civil*.

“Hmm?” Billy almost sounds fond when he replies, humming into Steve’s neck as he sucks another kiss into his damn skin.

“Make me come.”

“You know the rule, Harrington.” Billy’s hand closes around his cock, squeezes until Steve almost whimpers, dropping his head to Billy’s chest.

“Billy, *shit.*” It’s almost *painful*, but with all the precome on his shaft he slides easily through Billy’s fist as he pulls away, pushes back. For a moment, Billy lets him fuck his hand, lets him curl his spine to feed the length of his cock back and forth through Billy’s fingers, nudging the head against his arm.

“You wanna come, big boy?” Billy finally asks, moving his hand ever so slightly.

Steve’s emphatically nods his head against Billy’s collarbone and pants a, “*yes, please* ” into bare skin, inhaling soap and sweat and a little cologne.

“Please, what?” Billy pulls on the small hairs at the base of Steve’s neck, yanking his head back so they’re staring face to face when he starts to milk Steve’s cock in earnest -- the intensity nearly makes him *sob*.

“Please, let me come. Billy, I need to come.” He begs.

“*So do it.* ” Billy replies, but Steve is already groaning when he whispers the words. His release spills into Billy’s palm, thick and hot and they’re both gasping when Steve goes rigid, his whole *body* pulsing with satisfaction. With his eyes clamped shut and voice

absolutely *raw*, he curses and cries out in bliss.

Slowly the air around him stills, the room returns to focus, and Steve can feel gravity root him back to the earth.

“Still wondering what my deal is, Harrington?” Billy asks. But it’s not a taunt. It’s almost tender as he leans forward, captures Steve’s lips in a kiss.

And the guy knows *how to kiss*.

“I think I get it now.” He eventually answers, when they finally separate and he stumbles back against his locker.

Billy snorts, plucks his towel off the bench to wipe his hand.

“Think so?”

“Hmmm.” He replies, eyeing the damp spot in Billy’s shorts. And Hargrove? Well, he never misses a thing.

“See something you like?” Billy poses with a smirk. A smirk that says *I know you do*. And Steve licks his lips, relishes the way Billy’s lips part and his cheeks flush a deeper shade of pink.

“Maybe you’re the one who wants something.” He teases.

“You wish.” Billy says softly. But there’s only hunger in his eyes.

Closing the gap between them, Steve walks Billy backwards until he’s against a wall, his curls splayed prettily around his head.

He looks like a fallen angel.

“Come on, Hargrove. You can tell me what you want.” Steve purrs and Billy’s expression goes slack with *desire*. “All you gotta do is *ask*.”

Author's Note:

find me at [@hoppnhorn](#)